

**Subject:** I am someone who experienced severe health consequences as the result of using an ozone generator! / Pavley Bill 2276

**From:** Alexis Thomas <AlexistheDancer@hotmail.com>

**Date:** Tue, 09 Jan 2007 05:01:46 -0700

**To:** aircleaners@listserv.arb.ca.gov

Attached is my personal story as to how the machine caused me to become gravely sick. As a result of my experience with an ozone generator, I have conducted hundreds and hundreds of hours of research on the subject. If you are interested in the material I have collected, please feel free to contact me.

Regarding the Draft Regulation Concept: I feel that some of these companies have had plenty of chances to comply in the past. Not even a \$1,000,000 fine stopped Alpine Industries from continuing to market their products with false and unsubstantiated claims. Clearly, the fine was not heavy enough. They even started a new company under a different name at least three times! Furthermore, I hired my own industrial hygienist to test the product and found that despite regulations aimed at limiting ozone production to .05 parts per million, the ozone concentration was significantly higher, enough to damage my lung tissue. I may not know enough about how California plans to enforce the regulation, so forgive me, but I feel that the ozone generators should just be banned. Besides, there is little to no benefit of owning one. Let's spare the consumer. Furthermore, what would the regulation limits be for the other harmful byproducts such as Nitrates, Nitrous Oxide, Positive Ions, formaldehyde, etc? Ozone is unfortunately not the only thing about these machines that is harmful.

You may contact me by email: [AlexistheDancer@hotmail.com](mailto:AlexistheDancer@hotmail.com)

Sincerely,

Fran Stanley

## **MY OZONE STORY**

I remember waking up in the middle of that late September night, freezing. I was so cold I put on every piece of clothing I had brought with me to Las Vegas, but it wasn't enough, considering I only needed shorts during the day, so I didn't exactly have a turtleneck with me. I had been shivering for so long that I couldn't get myself to get up and go beg the management for some more blankets. Never again would I stay in that sorry motel again, or any other that had not been updated to be able to have heating and air conditioning working in the same day, especially one where the air conditioning runs even when it's cold outside. By the time the morning sun had warmed up the room enough to end my nightmare; it was time to catch my plane, which was also the end to a long weekend of working. Now I was having trouble dragging myself out of bed because I barely had an ounce of energy left. I used it all shivering. My immune system had been hit hard enough that a cold was definitely coming on.

I made sure I stopped at a grocery store to pick up some zinc to boost my immune system, and some sore throat lozenges. I believe in trying to prevent as much as possible.

As I was one of the last people on the Southwest flight, bound for Los Angeles that morning, I was

told to grab the first seat I came to. Within a minute of closing the doors for departure, I knew that I should have walked past the seat that I had taken, like everyone else had done. The guy next to me started coughing up a storm and did not stop. His germs were adding insult to injury. I was having a streak of bad luck – not uncommon in Vegas.

It was a relief to get home to a more comforting environment and especially to my beautiful baby girl, Ivy, the shining star in my life. I spent as much time in bed over the next few days, as a 22 month old would allow. I needed to be well enough to go back to Las Vegas in four days to work again, but unfortunately, my cold only got worse. There was no way I could manage working, feeling as bad as I did. So, despite the care I took of myself, I had to stay home.

As I laid in bed, I remember looking up at my ozone generator, perched on my armoire resembling a stereo speaker, and thinking that I was really fortunate that I had bought it a few months ago. I imagined how much worse I would be! After all, it was killing viruses and germs, making my air much healthier to breath.

Now it was Wednesday, eleven days into this nasty cold with the next weekend of work rapidly approaching. I was just getting worse and worse; this was clearly the worst cold I had ever had. I knew I had to go to the doctor. As expected, she sent me home with a round of antibiotics, since I now had bronchitis. Six days later, I was still getting worse. I couldn't open my mouth for a breath of air without it feeling like someone snatched my breath and threw dust down my throat, so I didn't dare talk. My chest also hurt and every time I took a breath it was excruciatingly painful. I felt like I was going to drop dead at any moment. So, I went back to see my physician, expecting a stronger round of antibiotics. What happened surprised me – they said they were going to test me for asthma. I thought it was a bit ridiculous, since no one in my family had asthma and that I wasn't wheezing. So, I had to breathe into this device and then inhale this medication through a nebulizer before redoing the breathing test. Surprisingly, the results showed I definitely had an obstruction. She gave me Flovent, Servent, and Albuterol – all inhalers, and instructed me how to use them. She also gave me Nasonex, a nasal spray. I went home stunned. I was so stunned and confused that I immediately set up an appointment with a specialist for a second opinion and to get myself educated about asthma.

That night, I actually started having what I thought must have been an asthma attack. My throat would close off and it was like I was being strangled. I couldn't get air in or out of my lungs. I thought I was going to pass out – I couldn't breathe. Then my body would make these violent sounds, sounds that I had never heard in my life. I sounded like some unknown wild animal that was dying. Then my body would "convulse" – my stomach would contract autonomically and attempt to open my throat by regurgitation. I couldn't even get to my Albuterol. I had no conscious control over any of this. It was so violent and I was confused because of all of the people that I knew that had asthma, I never witnessed or heard of them talking about anything like this. The only asthma attack I had ever witnessed was in the movie, "Rock the Cradle." This was much worse; it was so dramatic that I couldn't even imagine being able to time the occurrence, but it felt like two to three minutes had passed before my throat would gradually open enough so that I could breathe again. Then, I'd wheeze very loudly for at least ten minutes. I had several more of these attacks before my appointment with the asthma and allergy specialist.

Since my asthma attacks were not what I thought they would be, I made sure I described them completely to the doctor. He confirmed for me that they sounded like asthma attacks. I told him that the inhaler didn't seem to help them and he thought that couldn't be right. He also retested

me and I did indeed have asthma. He gave me a new antibiotic, changed my nasal steroid spray from Nasonex to Flonase and then wrote me a prescription for a chest x-ray. He said that it's just "standard practice." He also wanted me to come back in two days to have one of those allergy skin tests – the one where they make a grid on your back and prick you with all kinds of allergens. So, I did my chest x-ray and came back for the allergy test. The results of the allergy test were that I was allergic to cats, wheat pollen, and various trees. Again, I was surprised because I grew up with cats and never reacted to them. Furthermore, my nose had never run except for during a cold, so how could I have allergies? I went home feeling like something much worse was going on with me.

How and why could these "attacks" be getting much more frequent when I was on medication? I was obsessing by trying to pay attention to whatever might trigger these attacks. I did notice that they were more often to occur when I was eating, laughing, or talking, so I tried to limit those activities. By not wanting to eat as much as usual, I managed to drop the rest of my pregnancy weight—finally! I think I could have found a better way to drop the weight though. Anyway, the majority of the attacks occurred when I was in bed. I was terrified to get in bed. I would procrastinate and pace around my room for hours because I feared that one of these attacks was going to end my life. Even though it didn't feel like it was working, I kept the Albuterol in my hand while I slept. I slept sitting up, hoping it would help. Moreover, I was having night sweats. I would be sleeping away and BOOM! My throat would slam shut and I would be grabbing at my throat, rapidly changing positions in attempt to open my throat, turning blue, then I would gag, sometimes regurgitate and it would feel like my tongue was going to be swallowed. Horrible, uncontrollable exorcist noises, coming from my body, would wake my daughter up. So many times she woke up and cried. She was afraid I was going to die, too. At one point, these attacks increased to about forty times per day. I was losing my mind, so I began reading every medical journal I could get my hand on. Of course when you do that, it sounds like you could have a handful of different deadly diseases. For instance, the John Hopkins Symptoms and Remedies Book lists "shortness of breath; wheezing; persistent, mucus-producing cough, especially in the morning; possibly chest pain, swollen legs and ankles" for chronic obstructive pulmonary disease. Well, I didn't have the swollen legs and ankles, but that symptom was listed as only a possibility and it didn't mention every symptom that I had. For lung cancer the listed symptoms were, "Persistent cough; wheezing; shortness of breath; chest pain; fatigue; loss of appetite and weight loss." I had all of those symptoms and then some. I didn't know what I had but I suspected that I had something much, much worse than bronchitis and asthma. I even thought that I might have more than one illness. I was so terrified that I couldn't stop thinking that I was going to die before they discovered what was really wrong with me. I was determined to hang on and not leave my baby girl an orphan. She is what kept me hanging on, trying not to give up.

I felt if I had any chance of surviving this, I had better keep seeing doctors until I found someone who could figure out what was wrong with me. So, I decided that this time, I would go see an ENT. However, the ENT (Ear, Nose, & Throat Specialist) was as perplexed as I was. He put some instrument down my throat but didn't find anything unusual. I could tell he felt helpless. I can't tell you how scary it is to be so sick that you instinctively know you are close to dying and doctors can't even figure out what is wrong with you and why you can't get better.

While trying to heal, I had to work, run a household, and take care of my daughter. I had to cancel most of my acting auditions. I do remember going to this one though. I was to audition as a spokesperson for some product. I don't know why I bothered to go, because I had such severe laryngitis that they couldn't even get an idea of how I'd sound like without it. Well, I know why I went, I was afraid my agent would fire me after cancelling so many of my auditions. I missed

about three weeks of my bread and butter job in Las Vegas. Technically, I should not have gone to work, but I didn't want to lose my house. I was barely making ends meet as it was being a single parent. In retrospect, I don't know how in the world I did it.

Forget trying to maintain a household. Something had to go in my life to make time for the doctor's visits and to rest. Everything piled up: laundry, paperwork, taxes, cleaning, shopping. I did the absolute bare minimum. My house became unbearable to look at.

Luckily for me and for my daughter, she was going to daycare 2-3 days per week so that I could still pursue my acting career. I ended up having to use that time to get some much needed rest. Without that rest, I probably wouldn't have been able to work on the weekends. I can recall the stares and the uncomfortableness of the parents when I had an attack or even coughed during Back-To-School Night. Yeah, even my coughs were the worst I'd ever heard. I also remember how concerned Ivy's teachers were when I could barely communicate with them. At home, I kept a cooler full of bottles of milk, by my bedside, for my daughter so that I could stay in bed as much as possible. I felt like I was robbing her of time that I could have spent teaching her and playing with her.

One morning I was so sick that I didn't even know that I couldn't get up. Since giving birth to my daughter, I couldn't help but sleep light so that if she woke up and tried to wander out of bed, I could get up and make sure she was supervised. So, it was extremely unusual for me to be sleeping unaware of what was going on around me. Anyway, I recall someone trying to wake me and then I heard Ivy's voice saying, "Open mouth, Mama!" Before I could figure out what was going on, something was shoved into my mouth and I could feel someone try to make my mouth chew for me. Then I felt some cold liquid splash on my face as she must have attempted to pour water down my throat. Apparently, my daughter had climbed the countertops in the kitchen for her first time, to retrieve a bowl. She filled it with Cheerios and M&M's, though most of the Cheerios had missed the bowl and were on the kitchen floor. She was attempting to feed me breakfast. Next to me on my nightstand was a glass of water in the toothbrush holder. As sweet as all of this sounds, it also pains me because, to this day, my daughter fears my death and has to fight the urge to be my mother.

I was also afraid to go anywhere. People didn't run up and try to help me when I had an attack – they were too frightened and moved away from me. One time, my daughter and I went to a restaurant to get a quick bite – had to eat, right? Before my food even came, the manager came up to me and said some patrons were concerned that I had something contagious and that I needed to leave. I left in tears. Even though my doctor didn't feel that I had something contagious, what if they were right? Regardless, I felt like a leper.

Even my mother was worried, and she always downplayed anything medical and made it mean nothing. So, her uncharacteristic concern made me wonder if I didn't realize how bad off I really was.

During a follow-up visit to the allergy and asthma specialist I finally had an attack in his presence – well, sort of. He was down the hall with another patient. I could hear people running down the hall and then the door to the room burst open. The nurse had Albuterol in her hand; the doctor had an EpiPen. An EpiPen is one of those shots of epinephrine that they use when you are having an anaphylactic reaction to something like a bee sting. In many cases of a severe allergic reaction, you could die without it. It's meant to open the airways back up. It just so happens that this

particular attack was shorter than normal and was already coming to an end, so I got spared the stab in the leg. The doctor exclaims, "THAT was NOT an asthma attack. BUT you DO have asthma! I don't know what that was!" Great, so nice to hear that your doctor was not only wrong about your asthma attacks, but he has no idea what is wrong with you and your "engine" even acted up in front of him. I told him that this one was way shorter than normal. He said that I would need to carry around an Epipen, in case one of these attacks didn't subside after too long. I would need it to open my airways; thus, save my life. I also told him that I've had up to 40 of these attacks in one day. He said, "The next time you have that many, I want you to get yourself to the emergency room." Things like this make me wonder if my mother conditioned me as a child into making me deny how sick I am to myself. He then had the nurse stay with me while he went to consult another physician. He came back in and suggested that I was having a panic attack. I was insulted and I told him so. Now I was also wondering if this man might be my mother in disguise. I asked him if my x-ray had shown anything unusual. After spending some time searching for it, he comes back in, puts it up on the light chart, and you should have seen his eyeballs pop out. Clearly, the man had never looked at it before, even though I know he had to have had it for weeks. Here I had not only pneumonia, but pleurisy and a pleural effusion. From what I understand, pleurisy is a very painful condition where it hurts to breathe. A pleural effusion often results from pleurisy—it's basically pleurisy with fluid build-up and can interfere with a person's ability to breathe. Left untreated, the fluid can become infected, resulting in greater health consequences. So, not only did I have walking pneumonia, because I still managed to walk around and function with something far worse—I had "walking pleurisy!" Part of me wanted to strangle the doctor for failing me, because I could have become even more ill or even died because of his negligence. On the other hand, I was just so happy that we might be getting closer to figuring things out and feeling better. Anyway, it was clear that this doctor wanted to wash his hands of me, as I could become a liability. He said that he wanted me to go see a pulmonary physician immediately. He made me promise that I would go see one right away.

So, I get x-rayed again by this pulmonologist. Fortunately, the x-ray showed that my pneumonia had been healed by the last round of antibiotics. Furthermore, he also said he had some experience with my "attacks". He said they were called laryngospasms, that they were an anaphylactic reaction, and that they were very rare. And guess what? One of the symptoms of anaphylactic reactions is the feeling of impending doom. He prescribed Benzonatate, Prednisone, and two to three other medications that I can't recall. Plus, I was to continue all of the other medications that were previously prescribed by the other doctor. Unfortunately, I am unable to recall the next few weeks following this particular visit. However, I believe I must have gotten much, much worse, as my records show that I was in to see that pulmonologist nearly everyday for a week and then twice the following week. Then one more week goes by and I remember this because I was back to feeling that I might die. I had "relapsed" and had pneumonia again, according to the x-ray. One more round of antibiotics served my way. I definitely remember this doc saying that he couldn't understand why it came back. He had to increase my dosages—by now, I was taking so many medications that I could barely keep them straight. I don't even have records of all of them because he thankfully gave me many samples to help keep my medical expenses down. There were so many medications it was insane.

I was back to thinking that I needed to play detective with my own illness, rather than depend entirely on doctors. That is what they say—you are your own best doctor! My mind was always trying to piece together the puzzle, but it was a mystery. Part of me wanted to stop taking the original medications, because now I was thinking that maybe they were making me worse. I was trying to notice which medications made me feel better by temporarily eliminating some of them. I

was just making myself more confused as I was so tired that I couldn't think straight. I was so exhausted from being woken up in the middle of the night by the laryngospasms, plus I was putting off going to sleep out of fear of never waking up again. Furthermore, my mind was working overtime, plus I had this impending feeling of doom to zap me of my energy. I spent much of my time in therapy talking about my illness. By the way, I had started seeing the therapist a week or two after contracting the cold (I already had an appointment scheduled weeks before). I probably would have gone "over the edge" had I not had him to talk to about it. Then came Christmas and I was visiting my father, whom I hadn't seen in two years. His look of fright when he heard my laryngospasms was about all I could take. In fact, I had never seen him worry before, not even when our entire family nearly perished when we got trapped in a snowstorm fifteen years earlier. Everyone was concerned, but no one, including myself, knew how to help me. Anyway, the vacation time ended up really helping me. I returned to my home feeling better, but certainly not completely well. It didn't take more than a few days to start to worsen again.

I finally had to go see a psychiatrist, not just a therapist. I was depressed and needed medication for it. I felt like I had no control over my health and I was worrying like crazy. I got prescribed anti-depressants and anti-anxiety medication to see if I could ward off the feeling of impending doom. The feeling that I might die would not go away even when I was feeling much happier. Can't fool logic, I guess.

Now, I was thinking alternative medicine. My therapist had recommended that I go see an Eastern doctor since Western medicine was failing me. Plus, I was jaundice and suspected that my body was now toxic from too many medications. I was really surprised when the doctor's o-ring test picked up on my symptoms without even informing her about them. This showed some promise. After a couple months of herb therapy and little to no improvement, I gave up.

Then suddenly, I started getting better. For several months straight, I was improving, though very, very gradually. The anaphylactic reactions weren't nearly as severe and they didn't happen in my sleep anymore, just during the day. I kept my fingers crossed that it was over.

Then, out of nowhere, I had a bunch of laryngospasms in the middle of the night. I thought, "How could this be happening to me again? What is going on?" For a two whole weeks, I was going through the whole nightmare all over again.

What I'm about to tell you is a bit unbelievable, even to me. I can't explain it, but I know it's true because it happened to me. One night I prayed harder than I ever had. I prayed for hours – even meditated. I must have fallen asleep while meditating because what happened next was like a dream, but it happened while I thought I was awake. A voice came to me and told me that I would meet three men with dark hair. Each of them would have a white patch of hair, about a half-dollar size circle of white hair on the side of their head, making them stick out to me. They would be of some importance to me. At the time, I just thought it was a weird dream; I wasn't actually expecting to meet anyone with a white spot in their hair. So, when I saw a man the next evening, matching this description, I just stopped dead in my tracks and stared at him. Luckily, it was in a nightclub, so he was easy to approach. I'm not going to go into too many details here, but he ended up introducing me to his church the next day. After the service, we had lunch with this older couple. They were telling me about their son, who happened to be a scientist. He made some type of ozone equipment. I told him I had an ozone generator. He asked me if I had it on in my house while I was home. "Of course," I said. He made it very clear, with the utmost of

importance, that this machine could potentially kill me. He told me that despite what the companies claimed, ozone was very bad to breathe. Moreover, he claimed that these machines produced nitrates and some sort of ionic charge, which are also dangerous. He said, "Turn it off! Turn it off!" With that he turned his head to the waitress and there was the white patch of hair on the side of his head! I couldn't contain my disbelief! I explained to everyone at the table, and luckily they were open-minded. Anyway second man told me to get on the internet and research the machines. I would find proof as to what he was talking about.

When I got home that night, one of the first things I did after cuddling my beautiful girl, was to turn off that darn machine and get on that computer. One of the first sites that came up was a lawsuit against one of the makers of these machines by the Federal Trade Commission. Two ozone makers were fined \$1,000,000.00 for failing to stop making unsubstantiated claims, after being repeatedly warned. In other words, the FTC said that these machines did not provide the benefits that they were claiming and they decided to market them anyway! The most convicting article was one posted by the EPA (Environmental Protection Agency): "Ozone Generators that are Sold as Air Cleaners: An Assessment of Effectiveness and Health Consequences". One of the first sentences I came to that opened my eyes up real wide was, "When inhaled, ozone can damage the lungs." However, there was so much more including, but not limited to: "Relatively low amounts can cause chest pain, coughing, shortness of breath, and throat irritation. Ozone may also worsen chronic respiratory diseases such as asthma and compromise the ability of the body to fight respiratory infections. People vary widely in their susceptibility to ozone. Some studies show that ozone concentrations produced by ozone generators can exceed health standards even when one follows manufacturer's instructions. Many factors affect ozone concentrations including the amount of ozone produced by the machine(s), the size of the indoor space, the amount of material in the room with which ozone reacts, the outdoor ozone concentration, and the amount of ventilation. These factors make it difficult to control the ozone concentration in all circumstances. Available scientific evidence shows that, at concentrations that do not exceed public health standards, ozone is generally ineffective in controlling indoor air pollution. The concentration of ozone would have to greatly exceed health standards to be effective in removing most indoor air contaminants. In the process of reacting with chemicals indoors, ozone can produce other chemicals that themselves can be irritating and corrosive." I couldn't stop there. Another article put out by the American Lung Association on their website said, "Ozone is a potent lung irritant and exposure to elevated levels is a contributor to the exacerbation of lung disease; it is especially dangerous for persons with asthma and other chronic lung diseases, children, and the elderly. Residential indoor ozone is produced directly by ozone generators and indirectly by ion generators and some other electronic air cleaners. There is no difference, despite some manufacturers' claims, between outdoor ozone and ozone produced by these devices. The Federal Trade Commission (FTC) took action in 1995 against two manufacturers of ozone generating devices. The FTC charged that they made unsubstantiated claims about the ability of their products to clean air of various indoor air pollutants and to prevent or relieve allergies, asthma and other conditions. Under the FTC's settlement, the manufacturers are prohibited from making marketing claims that ozone is effective in cleaning indoor air, that their products do not create harmful by-products, and that they prevent or provide relief from allergies, asthma, and other specified conditions, unless the claims are supported by reliable and adequate substantiation (FTC, 1995). *Consumer Reports* (1992), the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH) (Boeniger, 1995), and the U.S. EPA (1995) concluded that tabletop and room unit ozone generators are not effective in improving indoor air quality. Studies have found that while some indoor air pollutant concentrations decline in the presence of ozone, other pollutants increase. In fact, upon reaction with ozone, some previously undetected, toxic chemicals emerge in indoor air, including

formaldehyde and other aldehydes (Boeniger, 1995). There is a lack of evidence in the scientific literature that would support the effectiveness of ozone at low concentrations in removing organic contaminants from indoor air (Boeniger, 1995). A recent study by the U.S. EPA demonstrates that ozone is not effective for killing airborne molds and fungi even at high concentrations (6-9 ppm) (U.S. EPA, 1995). At higher concentrations, especially above 0.08 ppm, ozone is a potent irritant that can bring about diminished lung function, cough, inflammation associated with biochemical changes, and increased responsiveness to allergens. (Horstman, et al., 1990). Current evidence of the health effects of ozone suggests that there is no "safe" threshold concentration for the onset of health responses due to exposure above background ozone concentrations (Burnett, et al., 1994; U.S. EPA CASAC letter, 1995). Also, simultaneous exposure to ozone and other compounds may produce additive or synergistic effects (Last, et al, 1984). In addition, persons with asthma have increased susceptibility to ozone and exposure to low concentrations results in increased symptoms, medications use and hospitalizations.

The FDA has set a limit of 0.05 ppm of ozone for medical devices. A small percentage of air cleaners that claim a health benefit are listed by the FDA and these devices conform to FDA regulations. However, ozone generators, negative ion generators, and certain other electronic air cleaners that are not listed by the FDA, or cannot otherwise prove that their ozone emission levels are lower than 0.05 ppm, may produce levels of ozone recognized as unsafe for humans and are not recommended for use in occupied spaces because of the risk of generation of ozone. For similar reasons, ***the American Lung Association does not suggest the use of these products.***"

I found article after article, many implying that these ozone manufacturers and/or distributors were making false claims and that the byproducts of these machines were dangerous to the health of humans. I was in disbelief that my government hadn't pulled these machines from the market. I don't feel that they tried hard enough to prevent these ozone generator manufacturers, distributors, and retailers from misleading people like me. The retailer that sold me my unit flat out lied about the safety and effectiveness of the machine. Even the literature that came with the product, despite the warnings put out by the FTC, claimed that this machine would destroy germs, viruses, fungi, mold; get rid of dust and odors; and make my air healthier to breathe. It was all lies. I was disgusted that a company was risking the public's health just to make a buck. What's really sad is I remember when I questioned for myself about whether that machine could have been making me sick. I quickly dismissed it from my mind because of two reasons: the company said it was safe and two, if it wasn't, the government would have intervened by now. I was so naïve.

In retrospect, the ups and downs of my illness could now be explained. At one point, I turned the machine off to clean it, and just didn't plug it back in for a few months. That explained why at one point I started to get better and then it eventually all came back. It also explains why I felt better over my Christmas vacation; I was away from the machine for two weeks. The one question that remained was why I didn't get sick from the first day that I got it? I did come across that answer several times during my years of research. Apparently, it often takes something like a cold that affects your immune system, to start the spiral downward. Also, not all humans are affected the same.

So, did I ever get better? Yes and no. I obviously felt some immediate relief when I turned off the machine and I gradually got better over the course of a couple of years after approximately \$100,000.00 in medical treatment. I did plateau and unfortunately, I have permanent damage. I now have asthma and allergies that I never had, plus I have about 20 laryngospasms per year, although they are very minor now. Furthermore, the tissue in my sinuses was damaged enough to cause a hole in my turbinate, so my nose has an embarrassing whistle. It is not clear whether or

not this hole was caused by the ozone, the other chemicals the machine produced, or by the nasal steroids that were used to treat my illness. In any case, I feel this machine is responsible. Now I have to be extra cautious every time my allergies kick up or I get a cold. It's so easy for me to get pneumonia now; In fact I seem to average getting it once a year now. I tend to get sick for three months at a time. My biggest worry is the consequences of coming in contact with something like the SARS virus. I doubt my respiratory system would be able to handle it and it'd likely be fatal. Plus, what happens when I get older? Will my lungs fail earlier than normal? One thing is for sure, I am considered high risk now for any type of respiratory illness. Furthermore, I am forced to pay higher insurance premiums because of this medical history.

I feel that risk to the public has stayed the same or even gotten worse since I got sick many years ago. There are even more manufacturers of these ozone generators now. They are still advertised like crazy and the manufacturers have not stopped their false claims. However, there is the possibility of this changing very shortly. The California state government, through the California Air Resources Board, is currently working on establishing some guidelines. I am personally very thankful; although it's not enough, in my opinion. No guidelines, limits, or court decision, has stopped them so far, so I feel they need to be banned and the ban needs to be heavily enforced with tough consequences. Until that happens, I will continue one of my life's missions to educate the public about these dangerous machines.

Oh, I bet your wondering whatever happened to the "third guy" with a white patch of hair? Well, I never met him. Perhaps he is still to come. Maybe he will be instrumental in getting these machines off of the market.

I worry that there are other people out there that have gotten sick/are still sick from one of these ozone generators and don't even know what caused/is causing it. If you already own one of these machines or are thinking about purchasing one, you need to get the facts. The following is a list of important websites: Contact me for details: Fran Stanley through email address: [AlexistheDancer@hotmail.com](mailto:AlexistheDancer@hotmail.com)